A 1489.d.18

A POEM,

ADDRESS'D to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE *RICHARD*, Earl of *Burlington*,

Upon His being INSTALL'D

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

——— *Micat inter omnes*
JULIUM *ſidus velut inter ignes*
Luna minores. HOR.

By *ALEXANDER LE-HUNT*, M. A:
Fellow of St. *John*'s College in *Cambridge*.

LONDON:

Printed by THO. EDLIN, at the *Prince*'s-*Arms*, oppoſite *Exeter-Exchange* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *J. Roberts* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1730.

POEM;

By ALEXANDER ALCOCK, M.A.
Fellow

A

POEM,

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable

RICHARD,

Earl of Burlington, &c.

SInce the Third *Edward* pois'd the vengeful Lance,
And *Britain triumph'd* in the *midſt* of *France*;
Since *Gallia's Captive* King in *Bondage* mourn'd,
And a *whole* Nation Sigh for Sigh return'd:
Fam'd *Windſor's votive* Temple never knew
A brighter Circle of the *Garter'd* Few.

Wave high the Banners of the Chiefs enroll'd
Whoſe Actions have to diſtant Times been told;
Whoſe future Glories *nobler Pens* ſhall tell,
Fir'd, by their Country's Triumphs, to excell;

Well-pleas'd her brighteſt Trophies to record
From *Creſſey*'s Laurel, down to *Marlbro*'s Sword,
From thoſe late Glories, to that deathleſs Day *
When *Churchill* taught the Victor to obey.
Yes *BURLINGTON*, this fair Encreaſe of Fame
Can only add new Luſtre to thy Name;
Recall the foremoſt Heroes of our Iſle,
And in the readieſt Rank admire a BOYLE.
Do † Art and Science much improv'd appear?
A BOYLE ſhines forth the moſt conſpicuous there.
Does real Life inform the breathing *Stone?*
We praiſe the Knowledge of a *BURLINGTON.*

Britain to *Gothic* Structures bids adieu,
And finds another ** *Jones* reviv'd in You:
Auſonia wave thy *beſt eſtabliſh'd* Claim,
No more we envy Great *Palladio*'s Fame;
Let nobler Trophies, and new Columns riſe,
And the proud ſummit Tow'r amidſt the Skies;
Taught by a *greater* Maſter to excell
Britannia triumphs in ſuperior Skill:

---

* Battle of BLENHEIM. † The Honourable *Robert Boyle*, Eſq;
** *Inigo Jones* the celebrated Architect.

In *Chiſwick*'s Laureat Groves abaſh'd diſcern,
What none but BOYLE cou'd Teach, or BOYLE cou'd Learn.

If thro' the Tract of long ſucceeding Years,
In *Windſor*'s Tow'rs the Stroke of Age appears;
If the Great *Edward*'s Labours muſt decay,
And by the *Stream* of Time be borne away,
With pitying Eye regard the glorious Pile,
THOU born to Grace and to enrich the *Iſle:*
And e'er his proſp'rous Courſe of Glory ſet,
What EDWARD founded, let a *GEORGE* compleat.

Who void of Tranſport can that † Pile behold,
Whoſe Walls the *Riches* of our Land enfold?
Treaſures which *Spain* inglorious never knew,
Nor all her *boaſted* Labours of *Peru:*
Where all the *Virtuous*, *Valiant*, *Wiſe*, and *Good*,
Chiefs, who *enrich'd* their Country by their Blood;
Patriots, whoſe Councils fix'd a doubtful State,
And ſpoke an happy Nation *Good* and *Great:*

† St. GEORGE's Chapel.

Where all in *juſt* Aſſemblage join'd, diſplay
The various *Wreaths* of their *triumphant* Day.

Fir'd with a *Mother*'s Raptures, *Britain*, tell
What firſt inſpir'd thy *Sons* thus to excel?
What taught thy *Chiefs* the *dauntleſs* Sword to wield,
And *force* the Conqueſt from the *dubious* Field?
Thoſe two great Springs, which in high Souls agree,
The *Thirſt* of Fame, and *Love* of Liberty.

Such are the Honours *valiant* EDWARD gave,
Their *juſt* Rewards, to all the *Great* and *Brave*;
Such his *vaſt* Soul, and *this* the ſacred Place
To *Albion*'s Fame, and *Gallia*'s fix'd Diſgrace.

How ſhines the Star on its brave SOVEREIGN'S Breaſt!
With what *ſuperior* Pride its *Beams* confeſs'd!
The *bright* Reward, that *Venlo*'s dang'rous Field
Decreed as due to his *Victorious* Shield.

How *blaze* the Glories of *bright Fredrick*'s Creſt,
(His *Fathers* Deeds ſtill *ripening* in his Breaſt)
Nor long e'er Fate *propitious* ſhall decree,
Another *Venlo* ſhall ariſe for Thee.

But

But ſay what *Pleaſure*, what *extatick* Joy
Glow'd in each Breaſt and *gladen'd* ev'ry Eye?
When the gay Star on WILLIAM's youthful Breaſt,
Spoke his *Deſcent* from GEORGE of Kings the *beſt*:
HIM *Britain's late* ſucceeding Sons ſhall own,
In Worth unequal to his *King* alone.

Such the *Companions* of that *glorious* Day,
When you receiv'd, my Lord, the *Garter'd* Ray;
When nobleſt Science, grac'd with juſteſt Wit,
Receiv'd the Debt a *King* cou'd not forget,
The *Debt*, to BOYLE's unrival'd Merit due,
And well-diſcharg'd to *Cheſterfield* and You.

Let Sculpture then *ſupported* by your Art,
Her choiceſt Labours to thy Fame impart;
Let Peinture ſpeak by your juſt Skill improv'd
Her *Patron* not more skilful, than *belov'd*:
Where breathes the Sculptor that can frame *thy Mien?*
Where glows the Teint in which *thy* Form is ſeen?
No *Reiſbrack*, not thy *Chiſſell's* utmoſt Skill,
Tho' all thy *Labours* anſwer'd to thy *Will*,
Diſplays that *eaſy Elegance* of Air,
Nor can with that *reſiſtleſs* Force compare;

Which

Which thy Great *Patron* boaſts ; fair *Peinture* come,
And *Thou* tho' Nature's Rival meet thy *Doom.*
Did *Kneller* ſelf to paint his Form revive,
A BOYLE in BOYLE alone can truly live.

Then ſince no *Siſter* Science can controul,
Paint thine own Portrait, ſhew thy generous Soul ;
For publick Actions ſpeak his *Image* beſt,
Who ſhines in *publick* Actions *moſt* confeſs'd.

F I N I S.